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ADVANCE SHEETS.

AUGUST 30, 1860. 1884. AUGUST 21 AS 30, 1880.

MEMORIAL.

Blendings of Ideal and Real;

—OR—

PROTECTED AND WROUGHT OUT, FOR OUR COUNTRY AND FLAG,

A STANDARD, HISTORIC AND TRUE.

10118 P. 1

AN EPIC POEM, COMPOSED BY RODOLPHUS BARD, FOUNDED UPON AN INCIDENT RECORDED IN THE DIARY OF THE LATE CAPT. D. D. BARD, AUG. 30, 1860, WHILE A STUDENT AT HIRAM, O., FORMING "GOLDEN LINKS IN THE HISTORY OF

"OUR MARTYR PRESIDENTS."

The occurrence of the incident, upon which this Poem is founded, *is fully authenticated*, by letters herewith appended, from our late President, James A. Garfield.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF

JAMES A. GARFIELD AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

OUR MARTYR PRESIDENTS,

AND VETERAN STANDARD BEARERS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY;

AND TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

CAPTAIN DAVID D. BARD,

A TRUE TYPE OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER,

UPON WHOSE FAITHFUL RECORD THIS POEM IS FOUNDED.

MY WORK.

That God hath need of even me, I know;
Afar He plans His palaces that rise
In stately splendor to the shining skies,
And day by day, more grand, more perfect grow;
While I, in life's dark quarries, toiling slow,
Hew the unshapely stones, that yet no guise
Of beauty wear to my dim, weary eyes—
'Neath my rude touch no grace nor glory show.
Elsewhere shall hands more skillful carve and guild
My rough hewn blocks, till they are meet to be
A part of those bright walls that He doth build.
Therefore, O, soul, be all thy murmurs stilled—
A place to work for Him, He giveth thee,
And to thy poor toil, immortality.

—*Selected.*

PREFACE.

That the reader may understand the history, aims, and objects of this poem, and believing that the *incident* in the lives of "Our Martyr Presidents," upon which it is founded, *contains much food for thought*, the writer has appended an extract from the diary of his brother, the late CAPTAIN DAVID D. BARD, written while a student at Hiram College.

On the afternoon of August 30, 1860, he assisted at the raising of a "Lincoln and Hamlin" pole, by James A. Garfield. This pole was raised on the free soil of the old Nineteenth Ohio Congressional District, (made famous by the services of such statesmen and champions of freedom as Whittlesey, Giddings, Wade, and Garfield,) only six months before the outbreak of the great rebellion. Taking a view of the event retrospectively, and in its ideality, this raised and towering shaft stands against the horizon of 1860, like a silent sentinel, pointing as with the finger of prophesy, as it stood in the clear moonlight, tossing to the breezes the stars and stripes and the proud banner of Lincoln and Hamlin, names of men who were destined to bear the weight of mighty responsibilities, through a struggle unparalelled, and out of which they were to come forth the champions of freedom, leaders of a host of veterans, crowned with unfading glory. When the shades of night had disappeared, and the smoke (typical of many battles) had cleared away, the dawn of a new morning displayed the marks of a temporary dismemberment of the standard. The broken worthless timber (typical of African slavery) which had been cut from the pole, lay trampled in the dust. The weakest section had been brokon in attempting to raise the standard. All efforts failed until the broken timber was cut out and the strong and true bound in with bands of iron. The spiked gun—the assailed union ; the spike withdrawn—the Union saved, and our simile is complete. At last we see the restored Union, on an enduring basis, and recognize in it all the heroism of human endurance, and the overrulings of a wise Providence.

RODOLPHUS BARD.

Meadville, Pa., July 23, 1884.

HISTORICAL PRELUDE.

On the grand highlands of Northern Ohio,
Not ten leagues from proud Erie's shore,
Yet, far enough back from her storm-coast
To escape the breakers loud roar,

Stands the quaint little village of Hiram,
Not unknown to fame, among men,
As here the Scholar, Soldier and Statesman
Read books, donned the sword, drove the pen.

'Twas in autumn—eighteen, one and fifty,
When a youth, bronzed and stalwart, stood here,
At the door of this young school of learning,
His face bore the marks of good cheer.

His stern rap brought before him Fred. Williams,
Of Hiram a trustee of old;
Young Garfield soon told his plain story,
And on trial stepped into the fold.

Not unlike David, the Benjamite shepherd,
His welcome meant work from the start,
But, with bell-rope and broom, and base-ball and bat,
His work went straight home to all hearts.

As a student and janitor, faithful,
Sure and strong—yes, born to command
Was our hero. At base ball on campus,
None better in all the broad land.

He led manly sports with a relish
Excelled only by his love for rare books,
Drinking draughts from pure fountains of knowledge
Found in college, by hillside, or brooks.

But quickly we find Hiram's sexton,
A student "well up" without peers,
Soon he's known as a senior at Williams,
Yes, a man, in advance of his years.

Although time is fast passing, yet story
Tells of Garfield, the teacher and guide
Returning from Williams in glory,
To claim fair Lucretia his bride.

At twenty-six, was promoted. From station
Of "man-of-all-work," to the head!
Yes, to President—head of all Hiram,
Where hundreds then flocked to be fed.

To be fed with knowledge—not manna,
Such as dropped from above, while men slept—
With brain-food, wrought out by hard labor
By "James Abram" and "Almeda," long wept.

A just tribute to Garfield, as preacher,
Reminds of the wisdom of Paul,
The fire of a Peter, the heart of a John,
Inspiring trust and friendship in all.

To the voice of "our preacher" throngs listen;
Burning words from the Book he proclaims;
The hearts of the masses are quickened,
Seeds are sown—God is honored again.

Now, as president and teacher at Hiram,
The days into years swiftly run,
When, the vision of Garfield here widens,
And Ohio, now claims her wise son.

As State Senator, fearless and earnest,
He takes a front rank among men,
His name is soon known, for his reasons
Are voiced by a trained tongue and pen.

With boldness denouncing oppression,
Taking stand for God's truth, and man's right,
For free homes, and free schools, that our country
Might be saved from disunion's dread blight.

The winter soon past, merry spring-time
Finds our teacher again at his home ;
Hiram students, now numbering hundreds,
Crowd her halls, from chapel to dome.

Fruitful autumn, with glory resplendent,
Ushers in a "new era," and throng.
Students come, deeds are done, heroic,
Linking names for the ages to come.

And time, in the not distant future
Will prove to all men, never fear,
That Garfield, the scholar and statesman,
Laid well a foundation, e'en here,

And raised on the campus at Hiram,
A standard, historic and true ;
Aye, and taught us to sound well the timber
Which is honored by the Red, White and Blue.

Raised *on* "*crest of the Union*"—a standard
Historic, loved, honored, and fair ;
With the *lesson*, "*ever march against treason*,"
Although not "booted and spurred for dread war."

Political, moral, and world-wide,
Shall be the lessons learned here to-day ;
Many land-marks of time will quite perish,
But the *standard* shall not pass away.

1860. 1880. 1884.

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

Republican Memorial Standard.—PLANTED, *by James A. Garfield, Aug. 30, 1860, with Abraham Lincoln, as Standard Bearer.*—DEDICATED *to Freedom and the Union Flag.*—MADE SACRED *by the blood of Patriots, shed on a hundred battle fields. After twenty years this historic Standard reappeared, and was saluted by James A. Garfield, "the Hero of 1860," who became our Standard Bearer in 1880. Question.—Shall it be memorialized by the Republican Party in 1884, and be planted from Maine to Oregon, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, bearing the names of Blaine and Logan, our Standard Bearers?*

INTERLUDE.

Four and twenty years, have passed away
Since Bard, in prosaic story
Joined Garfield's name with Lincoln's fame,
Both now o'erspread with glory.

Could we ope the pages of the past,
And read of all recorded
Since David D that story wrote,
One would be well rewarded.

Of campaigns bold, none better told,
In words and deeds heroic,
Than of Lincoln's tramp, o'er field and camp,
To meet the "Douglas stoic."

But e'er we turn the leaves to greet
Those days of nerve and nettle,
We'll rest awhile, one day beguile,
And test James Garfield's mettle.

This mighty nation ne'er would know,
The youthful deeds and glories,
Of men with names, well-known to fame,
But for such uncouth stories.

For a short time then, at your leisure, men,
Let me have your ear—please listen
To this tale of old, of a statesman bold,
Then a *Memorial Standard* let's christen.

[*Extract from the Diary of the late Capt. David D. Bard, which "tells its own story" and upon which this poem is founded.*]

HIRAM, OHIO.

Thursday, August 30th, 1860, Captain Bard says: Great preparations are being made to raise a Lincoln pole to-day. They have secured one that will measure 150 feet. Exercises in school about the same as usual, only the afternoon exercises were shortened on account of the pole raising, which was to come off this p. m.

At 3½ p. m. I was on the ground, found quite a crowd, and the pole nearly ready for action. After considerable amount of fixing they commenced operations. Word was given, when they raised it a few feet, and in so doing, broke off a section of the top, which was soon spliced, and the derrick commenced to strain and squeak. After getting it about twenty feet into the air the splice broke and down it came again, this time shattered. *Now here was indeed a "dilemma;" almost night, the pole broken, the people standing and waiting, and the speakers impatient to go home; and added to all this, Mr. Taylor, the "captain of the job," had given up in despair, and had left the broken pole on the ground*

Then Mr. Garfield, with his accustomed energy, took the matter in hand and appointed five men to splice the pole. Then he introduced the Hon. Sidney Edgerton, who commenced to speak, and this drew the crowd away from the pole so that the committee could go on with its work unmolested. *A few of us students were around to bring things that were needed.* In about one hour Mr. Edgerton closed his speech, and the work of repairing the pole had been rapidly progressing. *The sun had set before the work was half finished, but the moon rose bright, and the sky was clear so that it was almost as light as day.*

At about half past seven the pole was all right, the guy ropes fastened on, the tackle attached, and the der-

rick rigged and manned. *Then Mr. Garfield mounted the pole and said, "Fellow-citizens, we have tried twice to raise this pole and failed, because there was a piece of Douglas timber in it. We have cut that out, and now we are going to raise the pole." Then he placed men whom he could trust at the props and guys, each having his duties to perform. When all was ready our leader said, "Now, up she goes," and every man went to work with a will, and up she did go without a moment's interruption, and in about one hour the pole was firmly planted, and the names of "Honest Abe" and Hannibal Hamlin were floating in the breeze in the splendid light of the moon.*

Just about as the pole reached perpendicular, news was circulated that the Democrats had spiked the cannon, and it was true. Some follower of the "Little Giant," fired by jealousy, had spiked the gun. James A. Garfield's voluntary work was not yet done; under his orders "the boys" took it to the blacksmith shop and succeeded in extracting the iron, which proved to be a piece of fork tine instead of a rat-tail file, as was first reported.

When the pole had been firmly set and propped the large crowd gave three hearty cheers for Abraham Lincoln and the cannon spoke a loud response, following which the Hon. Sidney Edgerton again spoke to the people, and was listened to with close attention. Then the cannon's mouthing loud was again heard, and followed by the hearty cheers of the people, when the meeting broke up and all retired feeling well satisfied that a "battle had been fought and a victory won" through the inspiration given, and *never say die* spirit of Hiram's revered President—James A. Garfield.

Moral—

When battling for truth,
Never give up though the grape shot may rattle
Or the thunder cloud over you burst,
But stand like a rock (as did our Garfield),
And the storm little shall harm you, though doing its worst.

TRUE HEROISM REWARDED;

OR,

Garfield at Hiram, August 30th, 1860.

"Nil desperandum." "Omnia vincit amor."

'Twas in the autumn of eighteen sixty,
At Hiram, these scenes were portrayed,
And recorded by David D. Bard, that day,
E'er his head on the pillow had laid.

On the thirtieth of that memorable August,
When the yeomen assembled, from far
The farmer's plow stood in the furrow,
And Hiram College doors closed with a jar.

Old Hiram put on her best raiment,
And all nature seemed joyous and gay;
The band and the cannon stood ready,
While a pole and the banners there lay.

"Honest Abe and Hannibal Hamlin,"
Were the words on our banners displayed,
And we *stood by them, boys*, as you'll witness,
And our drama unfolds to this age.

The people had met on the campus,
Our speakers stood hard by the stand;
Horse, derrick and driver, were ready,
With Captain Taylor engaged to command.

After much delay and confusion,
The horse at the derrick went around.
Snap! snap! went the pole. Vain delusion!
"Well, lower her, boys,"—to the ground.

The break—not a bad one—soon mended,
Saw the sun sinking low in the west,
While music enchantingly blended,
With strong hopes, which now filled every breast.

Word was given, when, gallantly upward,
Again rose the standard—some twenty feet high.
"All's well, that ends well," quoth the Captain,
Then "heave away, my laddies—be spry."

But a horse is a vain thing in battle to trust,
When possessed with less training, than fire.
Truth, our captain soon learned, as pole swiftly
turned,
Hark! crash goes the timber! fond hopes now
expire!

Aye, with crash and a bang! pole came thunder-
ing down!
Scarcely missing the heads of "our boys,"
While pike poles flew fast, as Captain's shrill blast,
"Stand from under!" quite scattered our joys.

"Dust and ashes," my boys, for earth's coveted joys,
Common end to most mortals here given,
With such a bad break, all agree its too late
To raise this standard, to-night toward Heaven.

The pole, now abandoned, lay broken and bare,
Save the banners, nearly trailing in dust,
While the sun almost down, looked on a sad town,
Crowd and speakers quite filled with disgust.

"There's a *tide* in affairs of men," 'twas said,
But a *crisis* now plainly we see;
For who'll tide us over, and raise the flag,
E'er the sun sinks over the lea?

There's seldom great crisis under the sun
Where virtue, honor and truth, need a friend
But some brave, manly soul (God given)
Steps forth, with rare brain or muscle to lend.

Make way for our hero! A hundred men shout
As forward James Garfield now comes.
"There's room at the top" for the spirits who dare
Fire the cannon and beat up the drums!

He speaks, and the turbulent masses
Stand, as though rivited firm to the ground,
Let not cannon or drum now break silence,
Let none but true men here be found.

"You've laid well the foundation, my friends,
Have brought timber—thought sturdy and strong,
Now we'll cut out the broken and bind in the true,
For naught shall here enter that's wrong.

"Willing hands make strong bands," quoth Garfield
As the crowd, he assayed to survey ;
Then a glance at the timber assured him,
He who conquers must work while 'tis day.

"Our cause is most just, and heroic
Shall be the deeds done here to-day.
Let the speaking go on—play the stoic,
Though a lion stand fierce in the way."

A committee of five heard and heeded
The words of our gallant and true.
"Boys, look out for the banner, soon waving,
Just beneath the grand Red, White and Blue."

Willing hands did make bands: yes, our blacksmith
Stood by Garfield, strong and true,
While the ax-men measured blows,
Which shall echo centuries through.

Again the hammer of axmen and blacksmith,
Resounded along her broad sides ;
Reassuring the now waiting thousands
That true protection is labor's fair bride.

Well, the speaking went on at the campus,
While our heroes worked hard at the pole,
Now assured that our leader meant business,
Quite as truly as Cromwell, of old.

Veteran soldiers not yet were our gunners,
As they strolled off to lunch, one by one,
But rich lessons they learned ere the midnight,
Worth the knowing, for the year sixty-one.

Queen of night challenged stars in their splendor,
As all gleamed down on our now eager throng ;
For word had gone forth—"pole is ready;
Bring the band, man the cannon again."

But hark ! a voice rich now breaks silence,
Clear and calm, for truth must be told :
"We've tried twice to raise the pole, have been
forbidden,
Your standard must be proved as pure gold.

"The broken timber cut from standard prefigures,
Yet grave issues for our country and flag,
Let us prove ourselves men in life's battles,
Stand together, and God's truth shall ne'er lag.

"Plant your standard firm and deep in foundation,
Proved by Whittlesey, Giddings, and Wade ;
(Grand old heroes and statesmen, *long honored,*)*
Who taught their sons, for truth ne'er be afraid.

"Men, *all breaks* caused by timber "*Old Bourbon*,"
Must be closed, as with blades of true steel,
We've here cut out the broken, and bound in the
true,
And stand ready, with colors revealed.

"*Then up with the standard*, you've nothing to fear,
Man the "props and the guys" with a will,
And we'll fling to the breeze a proud banner,
Which our millions of freemen love still."

He ceased, and the words so magnetic,
Quickly filled every man with new zeal.
Worthy aims cause brave actions heroic,
Catch the word—now, up she goes, with a will.

And up she did go, without friction ;
Every man went to work with a will,
Aye, the axmen, the blacksmith and scholar,
Stood shoulder to shoulder, with zeal.

At eight-thirty our standard stood planted;
Firm and fearless it courted the breeze,
While our banner,—"Abe Lincoln and Hamlin,"
Kissed the stars, far above rustling trees.

The full moon added glory transcendent,
Looking down on our heroes, so true,
In front rank stood James Abram Garfield,
Over all waved the Red, White and Blue.

Could the Goddess of Liberty—emblem of Truth,
Now a sign to our heroes have given ;

It would have been—wait a while—*more work to be done*,
Break not silence, though hearts are most riven.

Supreme moments men feel in stern battle,
None the less moved are such by earned peace,
Hats in hand, raised in air, stand the masses,
Waiting word, just a word, for release.

But hold! Word now comes from the gunners
(Devils work—whether men sleep or eat):
"Our gun has been spiked by the Demmies,
Hold the crowd, until we're again on our feet."

"Not yet done all the work, my young soldiers,
To our blacksmith run the cannon with speed,"
Spoke Garfield, the soldier and statesman;
"He who spikes Lincoln guns ne'er'll succeed."

Around the standard the masses now crowd,
Hold the ground—coward foes, swift retreat;
Soon the rumbling of cannon returning,
Tells the story, there's no Lincoln defeat.

In composure, our champion stood, sight sublime!
For grand was the scene, as portrayed at the time!
The proud standard erect, one hundred and fifty feet high,
Gleamed and glistened, as in triumph our heroes swept by.

"Then the booming of cannon, on the clear evening air,"
Gave proof to all Hiram that *our flag* was still there.
Fair moon, twinkling stars, wooed the brave and the true,
While cheers rose from thousands for the Red, White and Blue.

Now, a light, fleecy cloud, as a token passed by,
Wreathed moon with a halo—in the air, victory!
Again, the booming of cannon, and beating of drum
Proclaimed to all present, a grand victory won.

*The Hons. Elisha Whittlesey, Joshua R. Gidding, and James A. Garfield, represented the old 19th Congressional District of Ohio between them for fifty-four years. Benj. F. Wade was their United States Senator for many years.

MENTOR, O., August 4, 1880.

Mr. Rodolphus Bard, Meadville, Pa.:

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 29th of July, containing an extract from the diary of your brother Captain Bard, came duly to hand, *and was read with peculiar interest. I remember your brother very well, and recollect perfectly the incident which the diary records.* Accept for yourself my thanks for your kind letter and my gratitude for your brother's memory.

With kindest regards, I am truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

MENTOR, O., August 14, 1880.

Mr. R. Bard, Meadville, Pa.:

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 12th inst., is received. *I wish your suggestion could be carried out, and the pole raising fixed for the 30th inst., instead of the 21st.* I fear, however, that it may now be too late, but as you have written there, you will very soon know. *Your suggestion is an excellent one, and I shall be glad if it prevails.* Very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

The preceeding letters from the late President Garfield, under date of Aug. 4th and 14th, were in reply to letters from the *undersigned*, at which time he also wrote his army and school friend, Prof. G. E. Barber, of Hiram College, of his desire that arrangements be made *to honor Gen. Garfield, Aug. 30, 1880, as indicated*, by getting up a large mass meeting of citizens and soldiers of Northern Ohio. The following reply from Prof. Barber, a member of the Republican Committee at Hiram, *explains itself*, and tells of arrangements made for the celebration, which occurred at Hiram, August 21st as 30, 1880, with Hon. E. B. Taylor as orator of the day.

HIRAM, O., August 16, 1880.

DEAR FRIEND BARD:—When I returned Saturday evening, *I found your letter awaiting me.* Our club met in the evening, and I placed your suggestion before it, and while it was thought to be a good one, there seemed to be some *special reasons* against it, viz:

1st. *Our pole raising had already been postponed*

once, after a public advertisement, and it would have had bad effect to put it off again.

2d. *My absence, caused some delay* in getting your letter, and *now*, there is *hardly time* to make such elaborate preparation and notice as would be necessary.

3d. *The great soldiers' reunion* at Canton, O., two days later (Sept. 1st), would militate against our making it a *large gathering of soldiers*.

4th. *Lack of railroad connections* and *hotel accommodations* would work against us. However, we appointed a committee to confer with ten neighboring townships and urged them to send large delegations.

Gen. Garfield has been invited (according to suggestion). We are to have several bands, a cannon, and to raise a one hundred and fifty foot pole, &c., &c., and we hope to have a "big time." I am heartily glad that you are coming. * * * * I was glad to get your letter, and only regret that we cannot fully carry out your suggestion. As it is, however, I am sure we shall make a greater occasion than if you had not written. I hope to see you before the week closes.

Very truly, &c., your old friend,

G. E. BARBER.

In conclusion, it is hardly necessary to add, that the *Garfield and Arthur pole raising took place at Hiram, August 21, as 30, 1880*, and great enthusiasm prevailed. Hon. E. B. Taylor, Garfield's successor in Congress, was the orator of the day, and the writer can say from experience, "*it was good to be there.*" But *the reader will notice that there remains an unfulfilled wish of our lamented President Garfield, viz: that August 30 be observed as a Memorial Day. Shall August 30, 1860, and August 21 as 30, 1880,* "BLEND IN ONE," and be COMMEMORATED by the people—*August 30, 1884?*

LINCOLN, 1860. *REPUBLICAN MEMORIAL.* GARFIELD. 1880.

—AUGUST 30, 1884.—

Hail standards fair COMMEMORATE !
YOUR BEARERS were by all HELD GREAT.
Will *standards two*, BLEND NOW IN ONE,
GRANDEST HUMAN STANDARD 'neath the sun ?

Hail, ship of state ! A STANDARD TRUE,
PROVED by *grand statesmen*, COMES TO VIEW
A *bearer* it must have, *in 1884*, 'tis plain,
The coming man is JAMES G. BLAINE !

This standard, now *we dedicate*
To *truth*, and *manhood, good* and *great*,
To *Union flag* and *native land*,
"Long may it wave," and firmly stand.

And when decades have blessed our race
With added virtue, truth and grace,
Higher than party standard raise :
Give *God the glory* and *all praise*.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUE REPUBLICANISM.

Higher than Party, Our Standard and Flag.

Thoughts suggested by the raising of a Lincoln and Hamlin pole *at Hiram, Ohio, August 30, 1860 :*

Higher than party
Rises our standard to-night,
Grander than platform,
With specialties bright.

God is still God,
Truth the nation must know ;
Let oppression but vanish,
It's "twin relics will go."

Yes, higher than party
May *our flag* ever wave ;
From a *standard*, wrought out,
By the great, good and brave.

May her stars still increase,
And her stripes ne'er grow dim.
Give to God all the glory,
It belongeth to Him.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS,

at the the raising of a Garfield and Arthur pole, at Hiram, O., *August 21st, as 30th, 1880 :*

Higher than faction, or party
On the heights beyond,
Behold your standard, historic and true !
It has led martyr souls near the valley of death,
Aye, beyond, for the Red, White and Blue.

It has led the crushed bondsmen,
Four millions of souls,
Up to heights of proud freemen, they say,
Since you've cut out the terror of slave-pen and lash,
Now free labor well-paid rules the day.

It has given new life, planted industries rare,
At the South, now the land of the free,
Aye, the hum of the spindle and roar of the forge,
Now proclaims a new era for thee.

Hail, grand Union redeemed,
Through the mercy of God,
Reunited, for freedom and truth.
May your sons ever prove,
Faithful, worthy of love,
And bless the martyrs, who died for the youth.

ADDENDA.

A TRIBUTE TO THE BRAVE.

BY REV. WM. F. DAY, D. D.

The lessons taught by EXAMPLE are the most valuable that can be given. When one passes from among men, whose life has afforded a noble specimen of the good and the true, we owe it as well to the living as the dead, that such an example be set on high, that all may see it, and aspire to its excellence.

The GOOD that men do should live after them.

Capt. DAVID D. BARD, son of the late Rev. R. Bard, was born in Cornwall, Litchfield Co. Conn., July 23d, 1841, and fell mortally wounded in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864, dying on the 3d of Dec. following. Rare indeed are the instances where the biographer finds in the life of one so young, so much of value to record. Capt. Bard died at the age when most young men have scarcely more than *commenced* laying the foundations of a noble manhood; but with him, the superstructure had gone very far towards completion. From his earliest days, the boy foreshadowed the man. The love of youthful sports, that lingers long with many, seemed scarcely to be felt by him, in his aspirations for manhood. Brought up under religious influences, he yielded to them from the first. He respected virtue for its own sake, and seemed almost instinctively to shrink from anything dishonorable. To others, he seemed a Christian from his boyhood, but he felt that something more was needed than an outwardly correct life, and in 1858 he gave his heart to God, and united with the Baptist church, of which he remained a faithful member until his death. Soon after his conversion, his thoughts were turned toward the ministry, and he was preparing himself for a proper education, when the war broke out, and the country called for soldiers. For a moment he hesitated in choosing between the profession of *peace*, to which he

had looked, and that involving the din of arms, and the shedding of blood. But it was only for a moment. The defence of his country seemed to him so high and holy a duty, he determined first to help save his country, and then, if God spared his life, to enter the ministry. Accordingly on the 27th of May, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Co. F, 7th Reg't O. V. I. He served faithfully in his regiment in its severe struggles and weary marches in Western Virginia. Naturally of a feeble constitution, his health failed under the hardships of army life, and he was prostrated by camp fever. Such, however, was his zeal, that he left the hospital before having recovered his usual health, and accompanied his regiment to the Shenandoah Valley, where he took part in the battle of Winchester, in which Stonewall Jackson was so signally defeated.

In this battle Capt. Bard was conspicuous for his bravery, as also in several skirmishes that followed. For his gallantry he was promoted to 1st Sergeant, but his health having failed him, he was, much to his regret, discharged from the service.

Soon after his return home, the Government called for 300,000 volunteers. Capt. Bard's health having improved, he again offered himself to the service, and was accepted, and commissioned as 1st Lieutenant, and appointed recruiting officer for the 104th regiment, then forming—his commission bearing date July 20, 1862. The regiment was mustered into service Aug. 30, 1862, and immediately left for Kentucky, where it did good service in the defence of Cincinnati.

With the military experience he had acquired in the 7th O., joined to his general intelligence, Capt. Bard was looked upon as one of the best officers in his regiment. In May, 1863, he was promoted to the Captaincy of his company, vice Capt. Wells, resigned. He led his company under Burnside into East Tennessee, and engaged in the operations that secured to our forces the surrender of Cumberland Gap. His health having again failed, he was sent home to recruit for the army. Soon after, however, we find him back with his company, participating in the overthrow of the rebels in East Tennessee.

In the spring of 1864, the 23d army corps, to which he belonged, joined the Army of the Cumberland, and

moved with Sherman in the advance on Atlanta. Throughout that successful, but hard-fought campaign, Capt Bard sustained his former reputation as one of ablest, and most efficient officers of the line. Shortly after the capture of Atlanta, he was appointed A. A. Gen. on the staff of Gen Reilly, and acted in this capacity in the operations between Thomas and Hood in Tennessee. At the battle of Franklin, where a portion of our line was giving way under the persistent attack of superior numbers, Capt. Bard rushed to the point to rally our men. He succeeded in his effort, but paid for his success with his life. In the midst of the struggle, he was struck by a musket ball, and fell mortally wounded, and as our forces retired during the night, he was left within the lines of the enemy. He was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a humane family, who did all they could to ease his painful passage to the tomb. From them have been obtained some interesting particulars in reference to his death. The nature of his wound (the ball passed through his bladder and bowels) forbade any hope of recovery, and with an intellect unclouded to the last, he met his fate as a soldier, and a Christian. Though suffering the most excruciating pain, he bore it with heroic fortitude. Such was the manliness of his disposition as shown in his last hours, he so endeared himself to the strangers who had cared for him, that they wept his loss as though he had been their own child.

Said the lady of the house, "He was the most thankful for little favors of any one I ever saw."

At his request the scriptures were frequently read to him. A little before his death, he placed his hands upon the Bible, sung a hymn, and then "he fell asleep."

Thus passed away one of the noblest and purest spirits that have gone up to God from the altar of our country.

Surrounded by temptations in the army, to which many yield, he so guarded himself against evil, that when he fell, not a stain was on his raiment. And yet, so unobtrusive was his piety, that even the most wicked could not but respect him. With him the battle is over, but the *victory* remains, and he who fought so well, has been granted a triumphant entry into the City of the Great King. Farewell comrade! May we fight the battle of life as bravely.

Capt. David D. Bard, Co. I, 104th O. V. I.

Headquarters, Army of Ohio in the Field,
Near Columbia, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1864.

One of the most painful duties connected with soldiering is that of announcing the death of our brave commanders and worthy comrades, as they fall upon the bloody field, or are otherwise sacrificed for the cause of their country. The subject of this letter, my Captain, adds another to the long roll of honor who lost their lives, fighting for the flag of our country. Capt. Bard was mortally wounded on the 30th of Nov. at the terrible battle of Franklin, Tenn., and should I undertake to pronounce an eulogy upon his fair fame, and noble character, I could not say too much. He entered the three months service as a private soldier of Co. F, 7th Ohio Infantry, and at the time of his death was in his fourth year of service.

His services with the 104th Ohio commenced as a 1st Lieutenant, and he has ever shown himself a gallant soldier and efficient officer. Gained unusual respect and confidence of his commanding officer and the highest esteem of those whom he commanded. Was always prompt in the performance of his duties. Sought not easy positions in the service, but preferred to share with his comrades the privations and hardships of field service. Was promoted not only in military rank, but was continually raised in the estimation of his regiment and at the time of his last battle with the enemy was Acting Assistant Adjutant on General Reilly's Staff; which was not through favoritism or the influence of friends, but for *true deserving merit.* And I am glad to add that he was not only a vigilant soldier of his country, but also a faithful soldier of the Cross of Christ. And to him I would say,

"Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking."

H. B. C.

TO YOUNG MEN.

An Eloquent Appeal to them by General James A. Garfield.

[The incident of the Lincoln pole raising which occurred at Hiram, O., and upon which this poem is founded, was one of the first public acts in Gen. Garfield's political career, and as the speech delivered by him at Cleveland, O. Oct. 11, 1879, was one of his last great efforts, we append the following extract from it the thoughts of which seem to blend with the sentiment of the poem, reminding of past achievments of the Republican Party, and pointing forward to still grander victories.]

"Now, fellow citizens, a word before I leave you, on the very eve of the holy day of God—a fit moment to consecrate ourselves finally to the great work on next Tuesday morning. I see in the audience to-night a great many young men, young men who are about to cast their first vote. I want to give you a word of suggestion and advice. I heard a very brilliant thing said by a boy the other day up in one of our northwestern counties. He said to me: 'General, I have a great mind to vote the Democratic ticket.' That was not the brilliant thing. [Laughter.] I said to him, 'Why?' 'Why,' said he, 'my father is a Republican, and I am a Republican all over, but I want to be an independent man, and I don't want anybody to say, "That fellow votes the Republican ticket just because his dad does," and I have half a mind to vote the Democratic ticket just to prove my independence.' I did not like the thing the boy suggested, but I did admire the spirit of the boy that wanted to have same independence of his own.

"Now, I tell you, young man, don't vote the Republican ticket just because your father votes it. Don't vote the Democratic ticket even if he does vote it. [Laughter.] But let me give you this one word of advice as you are about to pitch your tent in one of the great political camps. Your life is full and buoyant with hope now, and I beg you when you pitch your tent pitch it among the living and not among the dead. [Applause.] If you are at all inclined to pitch it among the democratic people and with that party, let me go with you for a moment, while we survey the ground where I hope you will not shortly lie. [Laughter.] It is a sad place, young man, for you to put your young life into. It is to me far more like a graveyard than a camp for the living. Look at it! It is billowed all over with graves of dead issues, of buried opinions, of

exploded theories, of disgraced doctrines. You cannot live in comfort in such a place. [Laughter.] Why, look here! Here is a little double mound. I look down on it and I read, 'Sacred to the memory of Squatter Sovereignty and the Dred Scott decision.' A million and a half Democrats voted for that, but it has been dead fifteen years—died by the hand of Abraham Lincoln, and here it lies. [Applause.] Young man, that is not the place for you.

"But look a little further. Here is another monument—a black tomb—and beside it there towers to the sky a monument of four million pairs of human fetters, taken from the arms of slaves, and I read on its headstone this: 'Sacred to the memory of human slavery.' For forty years of its infamous life the Democratic party taught that it was divine, God's institution. They defended it, they stood around it at its grave as mourners. But here it lies, dead by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.] Dead by the power of the Republican party. [Applause.] Dead by the justice of Almighty God. [Great applause and cheers.] Don't camp there young man. But here is another—a little brimstone tomb [laughter]—and I read across its yellow face in lurid, bloody lines these words: 'Sacred to the memory of the State Sovereignty and Secession.' Twelve millions of democrats mustered around it in arms to keep it alive; but here it lies, shot to death by the million guns of the Republic. [Applause.] Here it lies, its shrine burnt to ashes under the blazing rafters of the burning Confederacy. [Applause.] It is dead! I would not have you stay in there a minute, even in this balmy night air, to look at such a place.

"Oh, young man, come out of that! [Laughter.] That is no place to put your life. Come out, and come over to this camp of liberty, of order, of law, of justice, of freedom, [amen], of all that is glorious under these night stars.

"Is there any death here in our camp? Yes, yes! Three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, the noblest band that ever trod the earth, died to make this camp a camp of glory and liberty forever! [Tremendous applause]

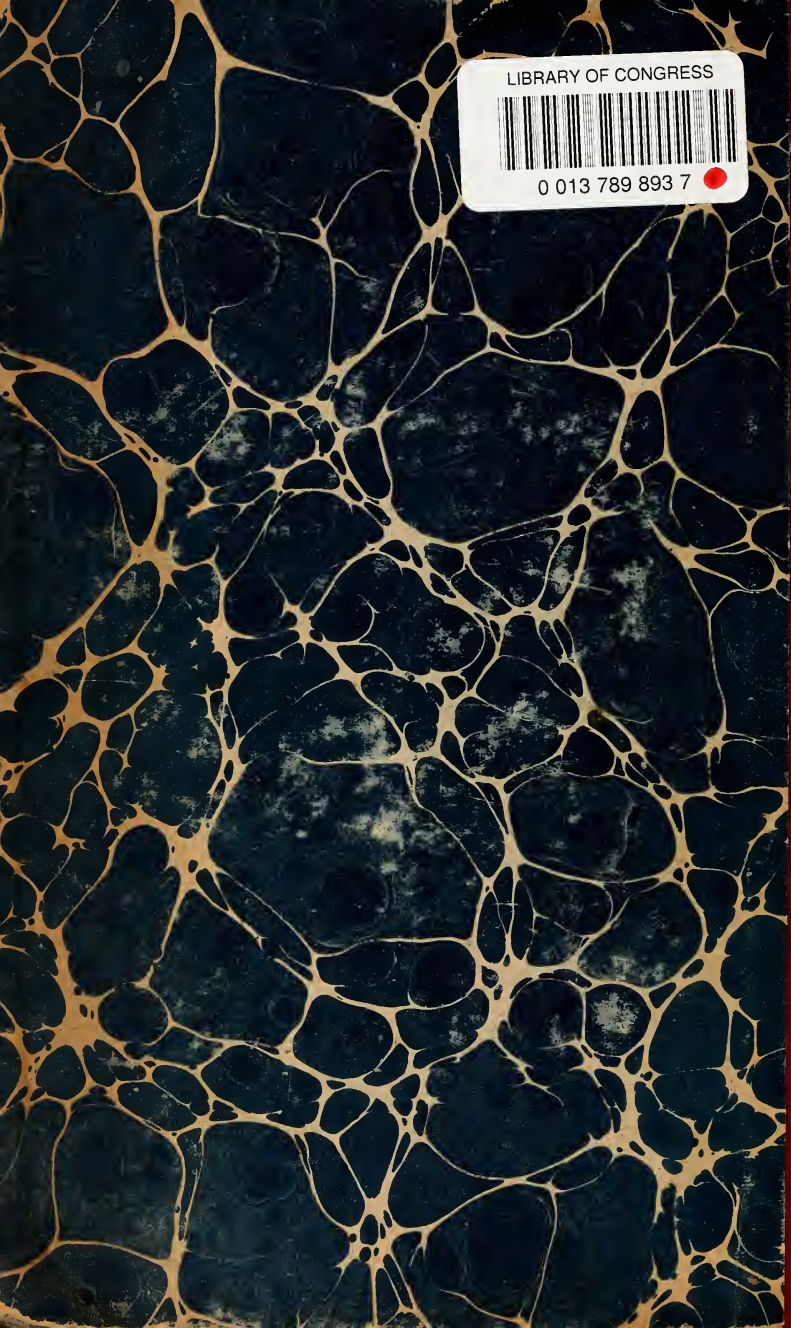
"But there are no dead issues here. There are no dead ideas here. Hang out our banners from under the blue sky this night until it shall sweep the green

turf under your feet! It hangs over our camp. Read, away up under the stars, the inscriptions we have written on it, lo! these twenty-five years. Twenty-five years ago the Republicen party was married to Liberty, and this is our silver wedding, fellow citizens. [Great applause.] A worthily married pair love each other better on the day of their silver wedding than on the first day of their espousal; and we are truer to Liberty to-day and dearer to God than we were when we spoke our first word of Liberty. Read, away up in the sky, across our starry banner, that first word we uttered twenty-five years ago. What was it? 'Slavery shall never extend another foot over the territories of the great West!' [Applause.] Is that dead or alive? Alive, thank God, forevermore. [Applause.] And truer to-night than it was the hour it was written. [Applause.] Then it was a hope, a promise, a purpose; to-night it is equal with the stars —immortal history and immortal truth. [Applause.]

"Come down the glorious steps of our banner. Every great record we have made we have vindicated with our blood and with our truth. It sweeps the ground, and it touches the stars. Come then, young man and put in your young life, where all is living and where nothing is dead but the heroes that defended it. [Applause.] I think these young men will do that. [Of course they will!]

"Gentlemen, we are closing this memorable campaign. We have got our enemies on the run everywhere [Laughter], and all you need to do in this noble old city, this capital of the Western Reserve, is to follow them up and finish it by snowing the rebellion under once more. We stand on an isthmus. This year and next is the narrow ithumus between us and perpetual victory. If you can win now, and win in 1880, then the very stars in their courses will fight for us. [Applause.] The census will do the work, and will give us thirty more freemen of the North in our congress that will make up for the rebellion of the South. [Great applause.]

"We are posted here as the Greeks were posted at Thermopylæ, to meet this one great barbarian, Xerxes of the isthmus. Stand in your places, men of Ohio! Fight this battle, win this victory, and then one more puts you in safty forever."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